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Greencastle Herald.

THE WEATHER.
Legal Holiday—No report.

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GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, MAY, 30, 1910.

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J. P. MORGAN FINE WAS INTERESTED

BIG BANKER AND BALLINGER SAID TO HAVE BEEN PARTNERS IN ALASKA DEAL.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

By Clyde H. Tavenner.

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1910.—Upon striking a trail which threatened to lead directly into the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company, the investigation of the interior department closed abruptly.

The circumstances under which Ballinger is willing to have the case go to the committee are remarkable to say the least. He failed to go upon the witness stand to explain the letters he wrote to George W. Perkins, J. Pierpont Morgan's partner, or those to Engineer Thompson of Seattle, relating to the exploitation of Alaska by the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. The charges of Kerby the interior department stenographer, that Ballinger made misstatements while a witness were permitted to go unanswered. Kerby had pointed out specific instances in Ballinger's testimony where the latter had misrepresented things.

The fact that Ballinger had seen in intimate "personal and confidential" correspondence with Morgan's partner developed as a result of Ballinger's attorney, Vertrees, attempting to browbeat Kerby while the latter was on the stand. Vertrees had sneeringly asked the young stenographer to demonstrate that he knew anything at all about the interior department methods. "Look into the personal file of Ballinger, number so and so, third drawer from the top," advised Kerby. He told the committee this file contained papers asked for by Brandeis, the attorney for Glavis, but which had not been produced. With their bluff called in this fashion, the Ballingerites had to produce the papers from that file, and, lo and behold, Ballinger was revealed as having been co-operating with Morgan's partner in the furtherance of Morgan's interests in Alaska.

Representatives of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate it will be remembered, had already testified that this syndicate had an option on the Cunningham claims in Alaska, which Ballinger has endeavored to befriend.

From the moment the Ballinger trail to the side door of the house of J. Pierpont Morgan was uncovered, the chase became intense. It was thought that Perkins himself would be called to testify as to just what understanding existed between he and Ballinger. Instead, however, Ballinger's attorney

brought the investigation to an abrupt close. The uncovering of the trail to the house of Morgan had acted as cold water on Ballinger's endeavor to make himself appear a much maligned man.

The letter which revealed Ballinger, the guardian of the public treasure house of Alaska, helping the Morgan syndicate to force an entrance by suggesting the guide, was a communication from Ballinger to R. H. Thompson, city engineer of Seattle and read as follows:

(Personal and Confidential)
"My dear Thompson: Last Sunday I was the guest of Mr. George W. Perkins of Yonkers. Mr. Perkins is at the head of the house of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, as you perhaps know."

"He told me he had arranged for a special boat to take himself and party, including his family, to Alaska for the investigation of the feasibility of exploiting Alaskan railroad construction and in other lines in which he is deeply interested. He will sail from Seattle about the middle of July."

"He is desirous of having an engineer accompany him who is not allied in any way to railroad interests or private connection which would in any way influence his judgement, and he has been insistent upon my recommending someone familiar with the western country to take this voyage with him and to advise him."

"On receipt of this letter please write whether it will be worth while for Mr. Perkins to consider it possible for you to accompany him."

Sincerely yours,
R. A. BALLINGER
Considerable correspondence is also known to have passed between Ballinger and Morgan's man. When asked if he had any letters between himself and Perkins which throw any light upon the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, Ballinger replied that he had not. He was not asked whether he had received any such letters, and had destroyed them, the committee being satisfied to ask for letters now in Ballinger's possession.

The importance of the relationship between Ballinger and the upon recovering the trail leading to the Wall Street financial house, would insist upon going to the end of the trail; at least to the extent of summoning Perkins and Ballinger, and questioning them as to their co-operation as to the proposed exploiting of Alaska.

But the committee left it optional with Perkins and Ballinger whether they should testify. They showed no disposition to wish to appear before the committee for examination on the subject.

Ballinger's attorney announced he was ready to close his case. Opposing counsel will make their closing arguments. Then will come the exoneration of Ballinger, to be followed closely, in all probability, by the resignation of that official.

J. P. Allen, Jr., Hal Megurie, of Chicago, who is here the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Swahlen, are in Indianapolis today to see the automobile races.

BRAZIL CLAIMING THE CHAMPIONSHIP

UNREASONABLE CLAIMS OF THE DOPESTER ON THE NEWS OF THAT CITY.

GREENCASTLE BEAT THEM

The dopest on the Brazil News lost his reason Saturday and under glaring headlines announced that Brazil High School had "clinched the high school championship of the state." This unlooked for and uncalled for statement came from the fact that Brazil had just defeated Crawfordsville by a score of 10 to 0, and the News man said that this gave the championship to Brazil because Crawfordsville had defeated our team.

He is all wrong. Crawfordsville did not only not defeat Greencastle, but so far as is known here these two teams have played no games this season, and furthermore, if Brazil can beat Crawfordsville by a score of 10 to 0, then Greencastle can walk away from them. The News man should also bear in mind that Greencastle took the long end of a series of three games from Brazil.

THE REV. ROBBINS TOPREP STUDENTS

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY ACADEMY BACCALAUREATE SERMON LAST EVENING.

AT COLLEGE AVENUE CHURCH

The Rev. Kirk Waldo Robbins preached the DePauw University Academy Baccalaureate Sermon on last evening at the College Avenue Methodist Church. Dr. Robbins' sermon was "A Message from the Book of Job."

The order of the service follows: Organ Minuet and Trio, Wohlstande, Miss Potter.

Hymn 5. All standing. Prayer, By Salem B. Town, D. D. Solo, When Doubting and Dreading, Miss Iva Smith.

Scriptural Reading. Gloria Patri. New Testament Lesson, Reading by Prof. R. B. von Klein Smid.

Hymn 702. Sermon—A Message From the Book of Job.

Violin Solo, Largo, Handel. Benediction. Recessional, Allegro Risoluto, Gode, by Miss Potter.

KIERCE-BOND

The marriage of Miss Flora Goldie Bond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Eliza Bond, of Reelsville, and Joseph W. Kierce, of Monaca, Pa., was solemnized Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Colglazier.

The wedding was a most beautiful and impressive. It was just 8:30 o'clock when the bride and groom, unattended entered the parlor. They were met by the Rev. Colglazier, who performed a brief but most impressive ceremony. About sixty guests were present to congratulate the young couple. The bride was attired in a becoming gown of silk mesalin, trimmed in dainty lace and insertion. The young couple received many beautiful gifts consisting of linens, cut glass, silver and china.

Mr. Kierce is a master machanic. He met Miss Bond while employed by the Vandalla railroad. The young couple left Monday morning for their future home at Monaca, Pa., where the groom is employed in railroad work. The bride was

one of Reelsville's most popular and charming young ladies.

Among those who attended the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dobbs, Dr. and Mrs. Jerome King, Miss Laura Vandament and Mrs. Mosier, of Greencastle, Miss Mollie Cole and Willie Temple, of Oakland, Ills., and Omer King, of Paris, Ills.

LEAGUE BALL PLAYER HERE

Pitcher Summers, formerly of Ladoga, now of the Detroit League baseball team, took breakfast with Landlord Bowen at the Commercial Hotel this morning. Mr. Summers was on his way to meet his wife who is visiting in Ladoga. He pitched the game in St. Louis yesterday, winning 4 to 3.

SAMUEL BOURNE PASSES AWAY

FORMER GREENCASTLE MAN DIES AT INDIANAPOLIS THE RESULT OF A FALL.

FORMERLY LIVED HERE

Samuel Smith Bourne, formerly of Greencastle, died at his residence in Indianapolis at 4:45 p. m. Sunday, May 29th, after an illness of thirteen weeks. The cause of his death was a complication of internal disorders, the result of a fall he received two years ago. Mr. Bourne was born March 26th, 1842, in Putnam and was the son of Ambrose and Catherine Bourne who lived for many years at Mt. Meridian. In 1878 he was married to Miss Minnie Peyton, who died July 25, 1909. Eight children were born to this union, six of whom are still living. They are, Arthur, Edward, Mrs. Alva Smith, Dimple, Clyde and Harold and all live at Indianapolis, except Arthur who lives at St. Louis.

He was a member of the Baptist Church at Providence and will be laid to rest by the side of his wife in that beautiful church yard.

MERRILL AT FILLMORE

Township Schools Hold Commencement Exercises in Christian Church Saturday Night.

The township school of Monroe Township celebrated commencement with appropriate exercises in the Christian Church at Fillmore on Saturday night. The hit of the evening was the DePauw Glee Club. Again and again the club was forced to respond to encores, till the evening's entertainment took rather the form of a concert. It is safe to say that if any DePauw Glee Club wants a return date in Fillmore it can get it, for the work of the boys on Saturday night is the talk of the township.

The address of the evening was delivered by Prof. E. C. Merrill, of Franklin College. The diplomas were presented by Superintendent Oscar Thomas in his usual happy manner. The graduates were as follows:

Graduates: High School—Ada E. Nichols, Frank Hunter, Raymond Herod, Class colors—pink and yellow.

Common School—Louis Cowgill, Oly Lee Wright, Winifred Elrod, Hobart Robinson, Mabel A. Buiss, Ollie Cash, Fred K. Heavin, Anna Hammond, Jessie Buiss, Ada Newman, Alma McGill, Ruth E. Hammond. Class colors—plum and lavender.

The Greencastle high school and the Bloomington high school baseball teams are playing on McKean Field this afternoon. A large crowd is expected to see the game and a good exhibition is promised.

PROGRAM FOR MEMORIAL DAY

SUNDAY AND MONDAY FILLED WITH THINGS OF INTEREST TO OLD SOLDIERS AND THE PUBLIC.

GETTYSBURG MONDAY NIGHT

Rev. John M. Walker preached the Memorial Day sermon at the Locust Street M. E. Church Sunday morning to a large and attentive audience. The members of the G. A. R. post met at the courthouse at ten o'clock and marched to the church together with the W. R. C. The sermon was an able one and the pastor held his hearers with rapt attention, dwelling on the patriotism of the soldiers in our great war and the application of it as a means of grace.

On Monday morning the promise was good for a very successful Decoration Day. The city was beautifully decorated in the national colors and the various veterans were busily engaged on preparing their program which had been announced as follows:

Decoration Day. All members of the Grand Army of the Republic are requested to meet at the Post Hall at the Court house on Monday, May 30, at one o'clock p. m., from which place they will march to the cemetery. The procession will move promptly at 1:30 p. m.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address will be read by J. P. Hughes, Esq., and the address of the day will be delivered by Com. E. S. Holliday, of General Canby Post No. 2 and late of Company K, 10th Regt. of Kansas Vol. All services will be held at the cemetery unless the day should be unfavorable in that event the assembly room at the Courthouse will be used.

At 7:30 p. m. of that day at the Assembly of the Courthouse the comrades, W. R. C. and the public in general will be entertained by Major C. E. Sholl, late of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's staff, Confederate Army, who will deliver an address on the Battle of Gettysburg. Seats at this meeting will be secured for the comrades and W. R. C.

By order of Rockhill, Commander. Vestal, Adjutant.

Major Scholl was one of the best officers of the Confederate army, and is further a speaker of ability. The public ought not to miss the opportunity of hearing this address upon one of the great battles of the world's history.

GUARDIANSHIP SUSPENDED

Court Declares Ernest Goodwine is Capable of Managing His Own Estate.

One of the last things done at the April term of court by Judge Rawley was to hear the petition of Ernest Goodwine to have his guardianship suspended. Goodwine was adjudged incapable of managing his estate about four years ago. Immediately following the appointment of the Central Trust Company as his guardian he joined the United States Marine service, being honorably discharged about a month ago. The condition of his guardianship was that he should totally abstain from the use of alcoholic liquors for twelve months and proved this to the court. The court then ordered that he be paid \$5,000 now, \$10,000 in September and the remainder amounting to \$10,000 in February the estate being \$25,000 or thereabouts in cash.

TERM RECITAL TONIGHT

The first section of the third term recitals of the students of the DePauw Music School will be given this evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Music Hall.

Following is the program: Sonata in G Major, Clementi.

(With Second Piano), Master Fenwick Reed.

Duet, The Little Patriot, Krogmann, Masters Philip and Donald Maxwell.

Just a Bunch of Flowers, Spaulding, Master Donald McConnell.

Morning Prayer, Streabog, Miss Mildred Newton.

Ever So lad, Orth, Master Donald Maxwell.

Duet: The Rainbow Fairy, Krogmann, Misses Dorothy McConnell and Margaret Shoptaugh.

Rambling in Springtime, Heins Miss Irma Dicks.

Scale Waltz, McIntyre, Miss Kyle Smith.

(a) Duet: Elfin Dance, E. S. Pennington. (b) Sonata One Movement) Clementi, Miss Bertha Tucker.

Waltz, Lange, Miss Nellie Fry.

Chant d'adieu, Lagye, Master Glenn Lyon.

Minuet, Lynes, Miss Pauline Taylor.

Sonatina No. 3, Clementi, Miss Mary Weik.

Them and Variations, Beethoven, Master Robert Taylor.

On the Meadow, Liehner, Miss Margaret Shoptaugh.

Shower of Gold, Bohm, Miss Jonnie Stairwait.

March of the Flower Girl, by Vachs, Miss Helen Broadstreet.

\$2450 AGAINST TRACTION COMP'Y

OSCAR LATHAM GETS HANDSOME JUDGMENT AS RESULT OF INJURIES.

JURY WAS OUT TEN HOURS

The jury in the case of Oscar Latham vs. the Terre Haute, Indianapolis and Eastern Traction Co. after about ten hours deliberation Saturday returned a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of \$2450. It is said that all were agreed as to the liability but the delay in returning the verdict was caused by a disagreement as to the amount, the jury finally agreeing on this sum.

Latham was injured near Brazil while driving along the national road. He attempted to cross the tracks in front of a car, and on account of the wheels of his buggy skidding on the rails the car struck him and he was badly injured. He was represented by T. W. Hutchinson and S. A. Hays. The defendant was represented by McNutt and Knight and T. T. Moore.

DEPAUW BEATS BUTLER COLLEGE

DUAL TRACK MEET RESULTS IN VICTORY FOR VARSITY SATURDAY.

WALKER SHOWED FINE CLASS

DePauw won from Butler in the annual dual track meet here Saturday by the score of 58 to 16. DePauw won 8 firsts, all those in the track events, and a first in the high jump.

Walker, for DePauw did better than the state collegiate record in the high jump, clearing the bar at six feet even. However, as it was a dual meet Walker's mark is not a record. Ragle, for DePauw took second in this event.

Summary:

Track Events.

120 yard hurdles—Schladerman, DePauw, first; Thomas, Butler, second. Time: 16 5-5.

100 yarddash—Calvin, DePauw, first; Grady, DePauw, second. Time: 10 2-5.

880 yards—Sommerville, DePauw, first; Koenig, DePauw, second. Time: 20 7 3-5.

225 yard run—Calvin, DePauw, first; Kingsbury, Butler, second. Time: 23 3-5.

1 mile—Sommerville, DePauw, first; Hochstetler, DePauw, second. Time: 4 52.

220 hurdles—Schladerman, DePauw, first; Abbott, Butler, second. Time: 28 1-5.

440 dash—Grady, DePauw, first; Johns, Butler, second. Time: 53 4-5.

Field Events.

Shotput—Kirkhoff, Butler, first; Roberts, Butler, second. Distance, 36.3.

Broad jump—Kingsbury, Butler, first; Thomas, Butler, second. Distance 29. 8 1/2.

Hammer throw—Roberts, Butler, first; Phillips, DePauw, second. 107 feet.

High jump—Walker, DePauw, first; Hardin, DePauw, second. Height, 9 feet 10 inches.

Discus hurl—Thomas, Butler, first; Roberts, Butler, second. Distance, 138 feet, 7 inches.

Referee and starter, Prof. Haines of Wabash.

The pupils in china painting of Miss Pearl O'Hair will give an exhibit of their last term's work at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. O'Hair this afternoon and evening.

All interested in china painting are invited to see the exhibit.

Go to the Big Picture Show at Opera House Tonight. The Greatest on Earth. All New Pictures. No Repeaters.

Women's New Summer Weight Hose

Women's Lisle Thread, Cotton Hose, a large variety of weights and shades to select from, the best assortments we know of at 10c per pair.

Black Silk Lisle Hose, light weight, very thin with wide garter hem and cotton soles, a very serviceable stocking at 25 and 35c per pair.

Gause weight Black Silk Lisle Hose, with six thread soles, heels and toes; This stocking has all the new and particular features ever put into a stocking, pair 50c.

Colored Thread Silk Hose, in black, white, blue, tan, gray and a full line of staple shades, and good wearing qualities at \$1.25 a pair.

MISSSES' LISLE HOSE

Misses' Silk Lisle Hose, with narrow ankles, a very neat snug fitting stocking black, white, blue, pink and tan at 25c a pair.

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CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS STORES.

DAYLIGHT STORES

THE LYRIC

Motion Picture Plays
Donner Block
7:30 and 8:30 p. m.

PICTURE TONIGHT

"A Willfull Dame."

"His Brothers Devotion."

"Wild Birds in Their Native Haunts," a series of fine motion pictures taken in the forest and field—will interest all grown people and will delight the young folks.

Given in a comfortably seated, ground floor room, with an abundance of exits. Good music.

Admission 5 and 10 cents.

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Weathering of Coal.

It is probably not generally known that coal exposed to the atmosphere undergoes chemical changes greatly affecting its quality. Moisture is the most powerful agent in producing such change. It is a matter of common knowledge among men engaged in the making of illuminating gas that coal which has been stored for a long time experiences a loss of hydrocarbons, and the effects of the change are shown in a diminution of the volume of the coal and in a loss of illuminating power in the gas produced from it. Such chemical changes occurring in great masses of coal may even produce sufficient accumulation of heat to cause spontaneous combustion.

A Disappearing Industry.

Among interesting native industries which tend to disappear with the advance of civilization is the making of "bark cloth" in Africa, from the bark of the brachystegia tree, which grows in Uganda, and in parts of British, German and Portuguese East Africa. The natives strip the bark from trees about two feet in diameter and pound it with stones at the same time pulling it in the direction of the fibre. It is made in sheets averaging six by ten feet in size. The cloth does not possess much strength, and the manufacture of it is rapidly ceasing with the increased use of cotton cloth.

Motorcycles for Laying Wires.

A new application of the motor cycle to military service has been invented in Austria. It contains the quick laying of telephone and telegraph wires. In front of the cycle is installed a cylindrical roll of reel upon which the wire is wound, and a man sitting in the moving car lays the wire, by means of a long pole, either in the tops of trees or if there are none in the ditches or gutters. With the new apparatus three miles of wire may be laid in 12 minutes.

A London department store keeps a staff of clerks on duty all night to take orders for goods to be delivered early in the morning.

LION FONDLES A CHILD.

In Pittsburg a savage lion fondled the hand that a child thrust into his cage. Danger to a child is sometimes great when least regarded. Often it comes through colds, croup, and whooping cough. They slay thousands that Dr. King's New Discovery could have saved. "A few doses cured our baby of a very bad case of croup," writes Mrs. George R. Davis, of Flat Rock, N. C. "We always give it to him when he takes cold. It's a wonderful medicine for babies." Best for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, hemorrhages, weak lung, 50c. \$1.00

Owl Drug Store and Red Cross Drug Store.

Method of Removing Honey.

In removing comb honey from the hive, the Porter bee escape has proved to be invaluable. The old term for this process was formerly called robbing. As every bee-keeper knows it is not an easy task to rid the surplus arrangement of bees when he wishes to remove some honey from the hive, but with this bee escape the thing is done so quickly that not even a flutter is seen among the bees, and it can be done at any time whenever the honey is ready to come off without danger of robbing. All that is necessary is to slip the escape board between the super and brood nest on each of the colonies before taking the honey. The next morning the supers may be removed off the hives practically free of bees without disturbing the colony below, and the honey will be free of punctures and the smell of smoke.—Indiana Farmer.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

Is patient, even with a nagging wife for he knows she needs help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness and dizzy spells she needs Electric Bitters—the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous headache and weak kidneys have used them and become healthy and happy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Drug Store.

MAKING OF DEMIJOHNS

Some 700,000 Turned Out Yearly in This Country.

LARGE SIZES IMPORTED

New York's One Factory Has Been at It Fifty Years—Young Women Employed to Do Most of the Basket Work—The Handle Maker an Expert—Hand Work.

There is only one demijohn factory in New York, this one being located in Brooklyn borough. Most of the work is done by young women. There are employed some men, who put on the handles, though there is here at work one blind man, who makes bottoms, but most of the weaving of the basket coverings around the bottles, which includes the bulk of the work, is done by young women, says the New York Sun.

In making the wicker covering of a demijohn the work begins at the bottom. The weavers sit with their backs to the wall in two lines down the sides of the factory room facing the centre, while down the middle of the room, standing on the floor, are long rows of demijohn bottles to be covered. At the end of each row of basket weavers sits a bottom maker.

The bottom maker picks up a sufficient number of reeds or sticks of length and size suitable for the bottom of the jar to be made and these sticks he crosses so that their ends radiate like the points of a star and then he proceeds quickly to weave in and out over these radiating sticks reeds to form the bottom, setting the reed snugly in at the centre at the start, and then rapidly running the reed around and around in and out of the radiating sticks until he has brought the bottom thus woven to the required dimensions.

Perhaps he tests this then with a wooden gauge to see that it is just right, as it is more than likely to be, for he becomes adept by long practice and he can tell pretty accurately without measuring, and then he snips off the projecting ends of the sticks and tosses the bottom to a girl, who puts in the uprights.

The uprights are the reeds that form the vertical framework of the woven basket. They are composed of long reeds, and shorter ones alternating all around. The shorter reeds will go up the side of the bottle and over the shoulder to the bottom of the neck; the long reeds will go up the side and over the shoulder and on up the top of the neck.

When the uprights have thus been placed another girl takes the bottom and bends the uprights up and weaves around among them at the bend three courses of reed. This fixes all the upright in their relative positions, and the weaving, thus done, makes also a sort of snailcup of basket work deep enough to hold the bottle in place without shifting when it has been placed within the skeleton framework, and the weaving of the complete basket is begun.

Supporting the bottle in her lap with its neck to the front, the basket weaver now starts making the basket work around it, beginning at the base; the reeds that are to be woven in are all thoroughly soaked before using to make them soft and pliable and easy to work so they can be drawn and fitted snugly. All the uprights stick out around the bottle long and way toward the neck, and it might seem that it would be a difficult thing to round them to get the weaves she weaves among them into place; but the weaver has a way of bending the uprights aside one after another as she comes to them, all the time steadily rotating the bottle as she runs the reed around it, in and out, under and over the uprights, which spring back one after another as she passes on.

With its cover completed, the demijohn now goes to the handle man to have its handle put on. The woven cover is made of split reeds; the handle is of whole reed.

First the handle maker cuts a short length of reed, one end of which he tucks under the basketwork on one side of the bottle just below the shoulder while he bends and tucks the other end into the top of the basket work around the neck. This reed is called a false bow; it really serves as a core for and form on which he will now build the handle.

He now takes a reed of some length, one end of which with the end of a tool made for the purpose, he puts through the demijohn covering alongside the lower end of the false bow. Drawing the end of this reed well through from under the covering, the handle maker doubles it up along the other end, and the reed tans doubled he winds with two or three turns around the false bow until he comes to the neck of the bottle, around which he turns it.

This gives the handle its secure hold there, as running it through the cover does below, and that turn around the neck, with the double reed, also covers the raw edge of the weaving at the top and gives the work a nice finish there.

Some demijohns of the largest sizes are imported here from Europe. There are produced in this country by all the demijohn manufacturers put together about 700,000 demijohns annually.

ALL IS NOT LOVELY IN TEXAS.

One Visitor Finds It a Milkless, Fishless, Gameless Region.

The idea prevails among people of the North that a visit to Texas would mean a continuous feast on pure fresh milk, fresh butter and eggs, with rich cream in abundance for the home grown fruits and berries; that fine choice cut steaks would be no rarity—for who has not heard of Texas beef?—that vegetables would be gathered fresh from the gardens for each meal; that the streams abound in fine fishes and that the choicest of wild game would be served in the restaurants and homes.

How surprised will this person be, declares a writer in What to Eat, when he discovers in many rural towns that cream for the coffee is looked upon as something of a luxury and that probably a fourth of the population of the small towns and cities use canned milk. Instead of the fresh strawberries he will find that canned berries are served even in the season and that most of the fruits and vegetables served in the restaurants are canned.

In no other State is there such a demand for canned goods as in this State, which many natives are prone to call the garden State of the Union. The extent of their consumption would remind a person of a district of mining camps in the desert instead of a State whose soil is far renowned for its fertility.

The fish and game laws are as lax as the food and health regulations. One hunting for a good game dinner had better go anywhere else in search for it than to Texas, or if he is hunting for field sports he had better remain in New York State or in Ohio or Illinois for he can thus save the expense of the trip and meet with much better success with rod and gun.

The barrenness of the streams probably has been caused by dynamiting the fish and catching them with nets. The fisherman would row out into the centre of the stream, plant a stick of dynamite, light the fuse and rapidly row back to shore. When he was out of harm's way there was a loud explosion, the waters would pulsate from the tremendous concussion and the life was crushed out of every living thing from the surface to the bottom of the stream for many yards about.

Before the waters became calmer, again fishes large and small would begin to rise and float lifelessly on the surface and soon the stream would become literally covered with dead fishes of every description. Then the fisherman would ride out into the stream and gather up the fishes by the boatload, leaving those too small for use to rot in the stream.

This is the way they used to do it in Texas until the waters became so barren—that now in many streams not even dynamite will bring forth the fishes, for no fishes are there. Stringent laws were enacted against this custom, but they were disregarded in many rural districts.

Even yet dynamiting is practised to some extent in the wild eastern part of the State near the Arkansas border. Sometimes it furnishes a diversion for fishing parties and even women participate in the sport.

The former unsportsmanlike method of trapping and night hunting has served in a like manner to exterminate most of the game in Texas. Even now game is shot in and out of season without regard for the game laws.

Probably the filthiest stream in the United States exists in Texas. It is in Houston, one of the busiest cities in the State, and its name is Buffalo Bayou. This is an inlet from Galveston Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, its principal mission being a drainage channel and a waterway between Galveston and Houston.

This bayou receives all the drainage of Houston, a city of 54,000 population, and the second largest city in the State. This stream, with its many beautiful magnolia trees and luxuriant foliage, passing as it does through the centre of the city, might be made a thing of beauty by a little work and expense.

Instead it is an abhorrent, foul smelling stream, its surface covered with thick green scum and refuse from factories, stores and residence districts. In certain places the stench arising from it is so intolerable as to make it impossible for untrained noses to approach within yards of it. The climate must be healthful, however, for if it were not so the horrible sanitary conditions would cause every inhabitant to die of pestilence.

Consul J. I. Brittain, of Kiehl, advises that a new electric railway has just been opened for traffic from the Alsatian town of Munster to the Schlucht, the summit of the mountains dividing Germany and France. This 6.7-mile line was built at a cost of \$285,000, and connects the Schlucht with a similar line extending to Gerardmer, France. The electric omnibus is killing the livery business in many of the towns of Alsace-Lorraine and Baden.

If report is true there are vast sums of money to be made in the cultivation of flowers in the Riviera. In one season alone \$2,000,000 were shipped away to foreign countries, and odd enough, the majority were sent to England. It is a long journey for delicate blooms to make, but they are perfectly packed and kept en route that they reach their destination in excellent condition to gladden the hearts of and adorn England's fairest women.

He who lives on his past reputation is likely to have a half-starved look.

WEALTH WITHOUT OWNERS

Property For Which No Heirs Can Be Found.

LOSE THEIR IDENTITY

\$6,000,000 in the Hands of the City Chamberlain—More Held by the State Treasurer—Some Mysterious Disappearances—Game of Hunting for Missing Heirs.

"Did you ever realize that millions of dollars are in the hands of the Chamberlain of New York City and the State Treasurer awaiting owners, and that lawyers are working on the task of searching for heirs for these funds all the time, succeeding or failing in this task in the most unusual ways?"

There is \$6,000,000 in the hands of the City Chamberlain alone, which would be given over to the heirs of the people who died and left the money if those heirs would only appear.

"Another odd thing, do you realize that some of the most valuable property in New York City is not improved and remains occupied by ramshackle buildings because the owners have disappeared and that large rents are collected by people who have no right whatever to them?"

The speaker was a lawyer who makes a specialty of finding lost heirs to estates and owners of bank accounts who have disappeared.

"I often think that no man gets so strong an impression of the twisting paths of life, of the obscure eddies into which people drift and of the mysterious ways in which they can be murdered or die in lonely places or just sink out of the current of life and disappear as a lawyer engaged in such work as this," he went on. "Dozens of men have disappeared in this way in cases which I have investigated."

"Who knows whether they have been knocked on the head or have changed their names, although without apparent motive to do so, and are quietly living in some retired hamlet?"

"If you came into contact with such cases as I have before me day in and day out you would wonder too what becomes of all these people that were well known and prominent one day and the next day have disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up."

"An odd case I remember—not the oddest, but still rather out of the ordinary—was that of a Belgian artist named Jean van der Stock. He landed in this country in 1890, when he was about 30."

"He was a portrait painter and soon after arriving here received numerous lucrative commissions and in short was on the high tide of success in no time. He had a studio and living rooms in Waverley place fixed up in bizarre fashion, and it was a favorite stunt of his friends to have tea there every afternoon and rabbit suppers in the evening and that sort of thing."

"In 1892 he hired a safe deposit box from a Broadway company and put in it between \$5,000 and \$10,000 worth of securities. The next day he disappeared."

"We have hunted for him ever since, but in vain. We have found his old mother, who had not heard from him for three years before his death."

"The trust company would like to hand the securities over to her, and she is in poor circumstances, but it cannot do so as things are."

"What was his fate? Did he voluntarily disappear and simply forget the money? Or was he knocked on the head in some brawl along the waterfront as the end up of a crazy spree? Or was he suddenly stricken with apoplexy and is he living in some interior city or perhaps right here in New York?"

Who knows? No one has ever been able to find any trace of his whereabouts or any proof of his death. "There are some queer cases of property practically ownerless in New York. This arises from the same freak that is doubtless at the bottom of many of the lost heir mysteries."

"The owners suffered a sudden attack of aphasia or just took it into their heads to disappear. The fact remains that these properties are practically ownerless through these disappearances."

"People who collected the rents as agents or others who learned of the disappearance of the owner have succeeded in collecting the rents ever since, and are in many cases pocketing them and posing as the real owners. Oh, I know of several cases of this sort. Some of these properties are situated next to skyscrapers."

"As sites for high modern buildings they are very valuable, but they are covered with ramshackle edifices which pay a low but steady rent to the pseudo owners."

"The latter can't afford to take the risk of putting money into improving the property for fear the real owner may turn up some day and turn them out. So they remain satisfied with the low rent and let the property remain an eyesore to the neighborhood."

"Another interesting phase of tied up legacies and lost heirs and all that business is the numerous fakes and frauds that are put up. Schemes are constantly being devised to get possession of property in this State."

CRUDE STYLE OF DENTISTRY.

Modern Methods Date from the Sixteenth Century.

In a dental school in Boston is a collection of hundreds of old dental instruments, the fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the instruments with which we are all more or less familiar in the hands of modern dentists. The ancient tools are more suggestive of wood carving than of dental operations, and a person uninitiated on the subject would handle the old "keys," as they were called, and guess almost any purpose in the world for them rather than the real one of wrenching a tooth out of a human jaw. One of the most ponderous of these instruments was made by an American blacksmith, little more than fifty years ago, and used by him to extract teeth—a curious commentary on the then general condition of a science that is now so widespread.

Less than a century ago there were only a hundred practicing dentists on this side of the water. There is reason to believe that the number of rough and ready surgeon dentists was much greater than we may have any idea of. The famous Aesculapian, patron of physicians, is said to have been the first tooth puller in Roman history and there are records also of the presence of dentists in Egypt more than 2300 years ago. How they worked, however, is one of the interesting secrets that remains kept, although it is known that they had some method of filling teeth and even used gold for that purpose. The first known mention of the toothpick was made during the first century of the Christian era—and so far as may now be judged, it very much resembled the little wooden instrument that modern politeness declares should never be used in public. There are also dentifrices—an "Arabian produce—brightener of the mouth," for example, which was evidently confined to comparatively few users.

Modern dentistry and modern dental instruments date only from the sixteenth century. The superstition of the Middle Ages evolved a host of charlatans, whose pictures may still occasionally be seen in the early prints and who charmed away toothaches by forms of magic which show that the teeth of their patients could hardly have been in such very serious condition. From these charlatans the modern dentist has descended very much as the all-important scientist of to-day may be traced back directly to the ancient alchemist. Among other things they bought living teeth and transplanted them—a horrible instance of which in later times may be remembered by anyone who has read Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

One of the first printed books on dentistry was published about the middle of the sixteenth century in Spain. The book was called a "Brief and Compendious Colloquy on the structure of the Denture and the Wonderful Construction of the Mouth. With Many Remedies and Necessary Advice. Together With the Mode of Treating and Beautifying the Teeth," and ended with an engraving of St. Apollonia—the patron saint of dentistry because her martyrdom had included the extraction of her teeth. This one book embraced all that was then known of dentistry.

It was not until 1728 that Perri Foucheard, the most celebrated dental operator of the time in Paris, began using the first dental chair, in which he sometimes performed the curious and practical bygone operation of extracting a tooth, treating it for decay and then putting it back again—an operation that, however expeditiously performed, could never have been invariably successful, although it is still done in emergencies. One of the modern cases of dentistry, for example, comes in this category.

Barefoot American Soldiers.

Barefooted soldiers may soon form a novel feature of the United States army. At any rate, Inspector General Burton has suggested that the efficiency of the Philippine scouts would be improved if they were required to go without shoes, especially in the field. That would be a return to the primitive state and customs of the scouts, who in the old days went about scantily attired, with no notion of stockings and shoes, to say nothing of the military leggings which now grace the shanks of that valuable agent of the government. It may be advantageous, it is pointed out, to have the scout equipped with a light canvas shoe for garrison use, but he is considered as at present altogether encumbered with the weight of what most people would regard as the necessities of life, especially of the life in the field. It is reported that beyond the clothing on the back of the scout, he does not need more than a blanket in which to wrap himself at night. Altogether there is no more economical employee of the government, as far as requirements of the person are concerned, than this same scout in the Philippines.—Washington Star.

His Gold Discovery.

That it is a good deal of a strain on the nerves to discover gold is shown by the story of an Australian official, who wanted to telegraph the news of the finding of the precious metal in his district. A small boy, seeking for a stone to throw at a crow, had picked up what proved to be a nugget of pure gold. In his excitement the official overlooked the main point entirely and wrote this: "Boy picked up a stone to throw at a crow," and nothing more.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for
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the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness
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Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
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Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. W. W. W.
Painful Swell-
ing of the
Belly, Sore
Throat, Croup,
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Scurvy, etc., etc.
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DROPS - 35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and
Drug Act of 1906.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT FEB. 21.

East Bound	West Bound	East Bound	West Bound
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
6:05	5:45	12:28	12:38
7:11	6:45	1:11	1:45
8:11	7:45	2:11	2:45
9:28 Limited	8:45	3:28	3:38
10:11	Limited 9:38	4:11	4:45
11:11	10:45	5:11	5:45
	11:45	6:28	Limited 6:38
		7:11	Limited 8:37
		9:08 Limited	10:38

Trains arrive here from Terre Haute daily at 8:11 p. m. and 12:35 a. m. and stay at Greencastle station overnight.

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Haute daily at 8:11 p. m. and 12:35

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overnight.

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overn

Sore Throat

Colds, Coughs, Croup and Catarrh Relieved in Two Minutes.

Is your throat sore?
Breathe Hyomei.
Have you catarrh?
Breathe Hyomei.
Have you a cough?
Breathe Hyomei.
Have you a cold?
Breathe Hyomei.

Hyomei is the best remedy for all nose, throat and lung trouble. It does not contain any cocaine or morphine and all that is necessary is to breathe it through a little black inhaler that comes with each outfit.

A complete outfit costs only \$1.00 at druggists everywhere and at the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Pharmacy and Hyomei is guaranteed to cure catarrh, croup, coughs, or money back. A Hyomei Inhaler lasts a lifetime and extra bottles of Hyomei can be obtained from druggists for only 50 cents. Sample of Hyomei and booklet, free. Address Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MI-ONA

Cures Indigestion

It relieves stomach misery, sour stomach, belching, and cures all stomach diseases or money back. Large box of tablets 50 cents. Druggists in all towns.

MONON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

Convention Excursion Fares.
To Baltimore, Md., May 8, 9, 10th
Winona Lake, Ind., May 29 to June 6th.
North Manchester, Ind. May 15 to 17th.

Washington, Ind., May 19 to 26th
Portland, Ore. June 6th to 11th.
Chicago May 3rd to May 8th.
Richmond, Va. May 10th to 15th.

Home-seekers' Fares.
First and third Tuesday of each month to various points in Michigan and also to points in the Southern States.

Summ'r Tourist Fare.
To Norfolk and Old Point Comfort, Va. Tickets will be sold June 5th to Sept. 30th—30 days limit.

Fifteen days and season tickets will be on sale May 15th to Sept. 30th to Winona Lake, Ind.

For further information call at the Monon Depot.

Prompt Payments

It takes more than a year to settle up the average estate—even a small one. An estate that consists of a policy in the Equitable Life of New York is settled and money paid within 24 hours after proofs of death are received. The Equitable Life has a reputation for the prompt payment of death claims and the prompt settlement of maturing policies unequalled by any other insurance organization in the world.

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A MAN WANTS TO DIE

only when a lazy liver and sluggish bowels cause frightful despondency. B. & Dr. King's New Life Pills expel poisons from the system; bring hope and courage; cure all liver, stomach and kidney troubles; impart health and vigor to the weak, nervous and ailing \$25c at the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Drug Store.

First European Railway.

The first railways that ran on rails in Europe were those of a horse railway between Linz and Budweis, in Austria. This was in working order in 1827. Locomotive railways were much longer coming. The first line, in a modern sense, was opened from Paris to St. Germain in 1825, but railway development was greatly hindered by a terrible accident on the Paris-Versailles line in 1842. The next was the Brussels-Matines line in Belgium. Belgium was also the first country to begin, in 1830, systematic plans for a national network of railways. Prussia followed in 1835 and Austria-Hungary in 1838. The first great trunk line in Europe was from Paris to Rouen, opened in May, 1843.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. F. H. H. H.

THE SILENT CELL.

By Harold Carter.

"I wouldn't advise you to try the experiment, sir," said the chief warden of the State penitentiary.

"But you say there is no physical torture, warden," said the member of the pardon board. "Nothing but darkness and solitude to tame refractory prisoners. Why, my dear man, I can spend a couple of hours there and come out as fresh as a daisy. I'm sailing for Europe tomorrow to investigate the prison system of different countries, and I want to add this last experience to my investigations here."

"Let me put in a comfortable couch for you, then," said the warden.

"No sir. I shall go as a convicted prisoner does. And, by the way, to heighten the illusion, I'll put on stripes."

"Very well, sir. Your desire, as I understand, is that all your surroundings shall be such as to create in your mind the illusion that you are a prisoner under long sentence?"

"Quite so," said the member of the board.

The warden called a trusty, while the member was discarding his clothes for the stripes. "Take this gentleman to W 5," he said, and the convict and visitor set off together. They descended a gloomy stone stairway and stopped at the door of a cell, above which the light burned dimly. The trusty turned the key upon the visitor and extinguished the gas. The visitor was left in complete darkness.

Cautiously he felt his way around the cell, as far as he could ascertain, was about the size of a hall bedroom, and absolutely empty. The walls were perfectly smooth. There was not the faintest light or sound. The visitor could not determine in which direction the door lay, for it fitted completely into the walls.

He sank down upon the hard floor and closed his eyes, striving to busy his mind with thoughts of his work. He had said farewell to all his associates; on the morrow he would be aboard the ship. And suddenly the thought came to him; if he were really forgotten, he might languish there for all eternity. Nobody would know of his whereabouts.

One hour, as he adjudget, slipped by, and another. He grew impatient. He strained his ears to catch the approaching steps of the warden. And when they were long, overdue, he heard them, very faint, in the corridor. A trap door was let down from somewhere, and in the pale light the visitor perceived a loaf of coarse bread upon an iron tray.

"Here's your day's food," said a voice, gruffly.

"Excellent, warden," said the visitor, laughing nervously. "But isn't my time up yet?"

"Git out," said the voice. "Six days more here for yours, F 23."

"Say, let me out," cried the man in side. "I said two hours, and it's long past that now. I've got my boat to catch."

"Well I'm gol-darned," said the voice admiringly. "Pretending to be the man from the pardon board, ain't yer, Bill Castles. It's agin the rules to talk to yer, though, so take yer medicine." And he was gone.

Stupified, the man remained crouched within. Had the trusty really walked out in his clothes and left him there? Surely prison discipline was more strict and intelligent. And yet would they play such a trick upon him, a high official of the state? He waited. Then the hours began to roll by. A terrible fear beset him, and he began to shout, moderately at first, then more and more loudly. And at last, thoroughly frightened, he pounded the walls madly, raving and screaming, until he sank into a stupor.

A day later, as he guessed, the loaf was again flung into his cell. Then for the first time he realized how venous he was. He leaped upon it and tore it eagerly.

"For God's sake, listen!" he screamed. "I'm Robert Smythe, of the pardon board. Whom do you think I am? Call the warden—"

"Good for you, Bill Castles," said the attendant, slamming down the trap door. And the long night descended on him again.

"Time's not quite up, sir; it's only an hour and a half," said the warden throwing open the door. "I thought it'd be all you'd want. Won't you come out? Why—why—"

Upon the floor of the cell lay the torn shreds of the prison garb. And in a far corner a man, nude to the skin, with bleeding hands, crouched and gibbered and muttered vacantly at the warden.

In spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Prof. Jowett of Oxford was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied under-graduate met the master one day. "Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Mr. —," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by 5 o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

Represented graphically, the United States now consumes yearly a roll of white paper 830 feet high and 377 feet in diameter.

A Maine Landholder.

One man, David Pingree, owns or controls 767,972 acres of wild lands in one Maine county alone — Aroostook. This represents a domain larger probably than most of the great European landowners control. Some of the European kingdoms are not much larger.

In Aroostook there are 2,596,856 acres of wild lands, so that "D. Pingree et al." own a third of the wild lands in that great county. In addition thereto Coe and Pingree and D. Pingree own a great acreage in Oxford county. This Aroostook domain if gathered together would make a little plat of about 120 square miles. The average valuation of Aroostook county wild lands by the State assessors is less than \$4 an acre. So that Mr. Pingree's holdings stand him at a valuation of about \$3,000,000 at the outside.

On this he pays State tax of .0025 on the dollar—Bangor News.

To Stop Bleeding.

The country boy knows that the fine dust of the brown fungi he calls puff balls will stop bleeding. When he cuts himself he hunts for one of these if the cut is not serious.

If the cut is deep it is wise to bathe it in warm water with carbolic in it or a tablet of chloride of mercury dissolved in the water. Carefully remove all foreign matter in the washing and then, pinching the lips of the cut together, put on strips of adhesive plaster. Be sure and leave little spaces for pus to run out. This running of pus is a natural process and is not alarming unless persistent and the pus comes in unreasonable quantities.

Sometimes the blood flows so rapidly that you cannot close the wound with plaster. If so tie a bandage tightly above the wound before you attend to the wound itself. This will stop the flow of blood and nature having formed her clot you can do your part with plaster.—Harper's Bazar.

Grant in War.

My confidence in Gen. Grant was established from my first interview with him, but it was strengthened during the whole of the series of battles about Chattanooga and the subsequent march to Knoxville. There was no bluster about him. He was quiet, firm, quickly had in his own mind a well-settled plan of operation or of battle, and he proceeded to its execution without faltering. At one time Gen. Bragg sent word that he wished to relieve from danger the non-combatants in Chattanooga because he purposed to shell the place. I saw Gen. Grant when he read the message. He laughed and remarked: "I am afraid he is going to run away." He had made up his mind just what to do, and nothing that the confederate commander said or did influenced him to deviate in the least from his plan of operation.—The Century.

"Stormy Petrels of the Road."

"The Stormy Petrels of the Road" is the happy phrase applied by a newspaper correspondent in England to the motor cars, over with a bitter controversy is now raging in that country. Readers of the daily record of carnage that attends the use and the misuse of the automobile in America will await with interest the solution of the problem which may be hit upon by their British cousins. One of the most radical suggestions urged for the mitigation of the evil, and one that has been heard several times in this country, is the total exclusion of such vehicles from the public highways, a course which would compel the construction of special roads for the motor cars.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pecans For Walnuts.

The United States Imported from France during the year 1906 walnuts to the value of \$12,884,658; from Germany, \$3,101 worth; from France, in fruits and nuts, a total of \$2,479,799, and from Germany \$56,691. There is no good reason why this country should not export just as many pecans as it imports walnuts. In shipping pecans abroad the American fruit grower can feel thoroughly satisfied that he is giving the foreign consumer something much better than he is receiving.—National Nurseryman.

The natives of Borneo place rudely carved images of female figures by the side of the entrances to their huts. The image represents a goddess, which protects the house from any harm or sickness. If there should be illness previously to the placing of the butling at the entrance she prevents it from becoming worse.

Thomas Hardy lives on what was once a part of the royal domain. He built the house himself, but the land upon which he fixed his choice was bought from the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) as Duke of Cornwall.

There are upward of 8,000,000 separate free holds in France, as compared with about 300,000 in Great Britain, a fact which in itself speaks volumes. A Frenchman will part with anything rather than land.

New York City is making a marvelous growth in the direction of cheap amusements. There are now 400 one-cent, five-cent and dime places of entertainment, where there were not one ten years ago.

NESTOR AND THE NYMPHS.

By Stuart B. Stone.

"We will visit the art gallery today," announced Miss Ophelia Logsdon.

"Huh! what for?" demanded Uncle Nestor.

"To see the handiwork of the great masters—to gaze upon their matchless tones and harmonies—to study their sublime madonnas and seraphims," answered Miss Ophelia, who was corresponding secretary of the Tuckers Corners Literary club and chairman of the district school debating society.

"Oh, shucks," objected Uncle Nestor. "That there 14-colored picture of 'The Lord's Supper' and the grapes-and-watermelons chromo in the dining room at home is art enough for anybody. Let's go to the fireworks. What do you say, Miranda?"

Aunt Miranda looked rather helplessly at her daughter. Aunt Miranda was treasurer of the Woman's Home Missionary Society and first vice president of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and consequently well posted on heathendom and needlework. But she was somewhat shy on art. "Oh, I guess a little art will be good for us," she declared. "And Ophelia says it's so uplifting."

"All right," acceded Uncle Nestor. "But I'd a heap rather go to the union stock yards or to the state fair."

The trio paid their way into the great marble building with the couchant lions at the portals, climbed a flight of marble stairs and looked up on the first picture. It was an impressionistic bit, a baffling daub of carmen and greenish streaks and splashes.

"What in Sam Hill and Dan Tucker is it about?" asked Uncle Nestor.

"I guess it ain't done," surmised Aunt Miranda.

An attendant standing near explained. "It is De Vannier's 'Harvest Moon,'" and Uncle Nestor chuckled.

At the very next picture Uncle Nestor halted, grinning with delight. Aunt Miranda, blushing a vivid cochineal-red, tugged at him. "Nestor Logsdon, you stop looking at the frolicksome picture and follow me."

"Those are wood-nymphs," whispered Ophelia. "Come on, pa, for goodness sake."

With great difficulty they dragged him past "Venus Rising from the Sea" and "Nereids at Play" until the safer natural history section was reached. Here they halted to study the tranquil line and kittens of Rosa Bonheur. Uncle Nestor became immediately interested. "If that ere ain't a dead ringer for Bill Simpson's old brindle!" he exclaimed. Then, turning to a guide, "Who painted that ere cow?"

"Bonheur," replied the attendant. "I guess that's the duck that boarded at the Skeeters' last summer—set around on rail fences and painted butterflies and loadfrogs and new moons and road wagons—"

They jerked him away, into the chamber of statuary reproductions. "Hummin' hame-strings! More wood-nymphs," he snorted in great glee. "Got their arms all chopped off at the elbow, though—guess they froze—"

But the frightened ladies hurried him through the chamber at a great gait, into the Japanese section, where they stared uncomprehendingly at sampan and samuri and tea houses while Uncle Nestor drank in the glory of the gelsha girl, into the Turkish section where the ladies wearily pored over mosques and minarets while Uncle Nestor discussed the odalisques with the guide, and into the Spanish corner, where they shuddered over a bullfight while Uncle Nestor discovered a sprightly senorita with a tam bourine. By the time they had made the round of the first door, Aunt Miranda sighed. "Let's go to the stock yards. I don't like the great masters."

"Shucks, no! Think about the matchless stones and harmonies," objected Uncle Nestor, studying "Roman Ladies at the Bath."

"Let's go to the fair grounds," sighed Miss Ophelia. "I'd rather look at real animals."

"Come on, then," said Uncle Nestor, reluctantly taking his eyes off "A Greek Flower-Seller." "But I tell you art's great stuff. And them wood-nymphs—"

"Sh-h-h-h!" warned Aunt Miranda.

Miss Sophie Wright, founder of the first night school in New Orleans, is one of the few women who have received the loving cup which is annually presented to the citizen who has done the greatest public good for the city during the year. In this cup was a check for \$10,000, which had been subscribed by the citizens of New Orleans to pay the debt Miss Wright had assumed in enlarging her night school to make room for the pupils who were clamoring for admission.

According to Messrs. Henriot and Bonny's ozone is produced by the ultra-violet rays of the sun in the upper atmosphere and the amount contained in the air near the ground increases when air currents descend from the upper regions.

"I'm taking dictation from a novelist just now," said the blond stenographer to the girl at the lunch counter. "Is no a rapid composer?" "Naw. I could take his dictation with one hand and write a better novel with the other."

THE HERALD

One Year
For \$2.50

To Rural Route and Mail Subscribers—beginning to-day—the Herald will be sent for \$2.50 a year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions not paid in advance will be at the rate of 25c a month—\$3.00 a year.

Those now in arrears on the Herald will—until May 1st—be allowed to pay arrearages at the rate of \$2.50 a year, provided they pay a year in advance.

Subscribe now and get
all the news—all the time

COMFORT SLEEPING POCKET.

Useful Combination for the Sportsman and Out of Door Sleeper.

The pneumatic mattress, for several years past, has been without question at the head of the chosen articles for a bed out of doors. But it has had the great drawback of being damaged, and puncturable unless very carefully wrapped up in blanket or clothing. The sleeping bag also has fairly come into its own as the correct covering for out of door rest. So the makers of this thoroughly up to date sleeping pocket combine the two essentials, adding their own little schemes for compactness, light weight and comfort. They take the idea of a pneumatic mattress, but they reduce the size and thickness of the mattress down to a carefully calculated but entirely satisfactory size for ordinary use. And instead of leaving the mattress outside of the bag to be punctured and punched, they make a pocket of waterproof material, into which mattress and sleeping bag are both inserted. And in order to protect the air sack from injury they furnish a heavy felt protector both underneath

The splendid work of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets is daily coming to light. No such grand remedy for liver and bowel troubles was ever known before. Thousands bless them for curing constipation, sick headaches, biliousness, jaundice and indigestion. Sold by all dealers.

Photo Printing Frame.

Photography has taken such a hold on the popular fancy in the past few years that nearly every family has some member who is interested in it. It is especially enticing because of the pleasure derived in first snapping the pictures and the subsequent process of developing. One of the many small articles needed is the printing frame, which in itself is very simple in construction. This frame is made of boards in two parts, with handles at the end of each part.

The two sections are hinged together at the ends opposite the handles.



1, wind and waterproof cover; 2, felt cover lining; 3, sleeping pocket; 4, felt protection for air sack; 5, rubber cloth top of air sack; 6, three inch air space; 7, rubber cloth bottom of air sack; 8, waterproof duck covering.

and above the air sack. At the head is a detachable air pillow and at the foot a pocket for the feet which is an extra protection against cold and draught. The covering is larger where it goes over the chest than it is at the foot, varying from fifty-five to thirty-six inches. The air sack is three inches in depth, sufficient for all practical purposes, and the entire pocket rolls compactly up into a waterproof bundle weighing about eighteen pounds. When it is remembered that a folding cot alone weighs almost as much and an ordinary sleeping bag and pneumatic mattress considerably more than this, its fine comprehensiveness will be appreciated. This would seem to be a final solution of the perplexing problem of bed and bedding out of doors.

Age of Giant Trees.
California's giant trees, the sequoias, thousands of years old, have been preserved to this day because of their enormously thick bark. From time to time, in the course of ages, forest fires have swept through the big tree lands, destroying everything yet only scorched for a couple of inches' depth or so the almost fireproof bark. The flames having carbonized that much of the bark, could not penetrate farther, for the carbonized portion formed an absolutely fireproof covering for the remainder of the interior bark.

Domesticity and Women.
Women have themselves to blame for the reaction on the part of so many men in favor of the domestic woman, and against the higher education of women. They have not given their mind sufficiently to domestic matters, perhaps, partly because they often care very little about what they eat themselves.—Mrs. Creighton in the Nineteenth Century.

Children in Apartments.
When one wishes to let apartments it is not uncommon to hear a hostile undergar say, "In that house they will not allow dogs, pianos, or children." It is quite refreshing to hear a company of house owners in Rue Belliard announce that all its tenants must be fathers of families, having three children at least.—L'Eclair, Paris.

The man who attends strictly to his own business is never overworked.

Some people never foot a bill without a kick.

There is a lot of paper money issued by the United States which few people would recognize if they saw it. The other day there came out of the vaults of a bank at Rochester, Ind., a package of \$5 national bank notes of the issue of 1865. They showed on one side an engraving of a historical character, the obverse side showing a man presenting an Indian maiden to three women, emblematic of Europe, Asia, and Africa. These bills, which have been practically out of circulation for some time, were hailed as counterfeits, and when the cashier of the Rochester bank went to Chicago and tried for curiosity to pass them over the counters of Chicago banks they were in each instance refused. The other day a man was arrested for trying to pass a \$100 note with a bright red back, and yet it was a perfectly good bill, being a specimen of the first gold certificate, which made their appearance in 1866. Another curious and little known note is the three-year interest note of July 17, 1861. These notes were made payable to order, and were in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000. They were engraved only on one side, the other side being left blank for indorsement. Another bill that is rare is the note of 1864. They were compound-interest notes at 6 per cent., compounded semi annually. On the back of each bill was a table showing the value of the bill every six months the principal and interest being payable only at maturity, but the notes were always increasing in value. One collector has one of these notes which has been bearing 6 per cent. interest from Feb. 26, 1879, down to the present year. It is a \$10 bill, and any man would have difficulty in passing it, and yet, as a matter of fact, it is worth \$21.—Washington Herald.

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Manners Have Changed.

Not so many years ago women quitted the table the moment the dinner was ended, leaving the men folk to drink their black coffee, smoke their cigars, sip their brandy and regale each other with stale anecdotes. Today? Most of the women remain to join in the snooking and sipping. And some tell anecdotes. Do you remember Cowper's lament? Here it is: Perilous weed! Whose scent the fair annouys, Unfriendly to society's chief joys, Thy worst effect is banishing for hours

The sex whose presence civilizes ours. But how would the old man feel if he were to see that the fair are not annoyed by the scent, and that they refuse to be banished from the civilizing process?

Diablo for Girls.

The inevitable question has been raised: Is Diablo a game only fit for children? All the Paris work-girls—the so-called "midnettes"—go out into the squares and engage furiously in the pastime at the hour of the midday meal. It seems just the exercise that they want after their sedentary labors—as good as Swedish gymnastics, and more amusing. If persisted in it cannot fail to strengthen their health, expand their chests, and give them a more graceful carriage.—Daily Graphic.

No Presents, by Request.

"No flowers, by request," has become a common enough sentence in the most lugubrious column of the daily press. Is "No presents, by request" fated to become as common as that more joyous one which tells of betrothals? We warmly commend the courage of the young couple who have thus boldly withstood the tyrant Fashion, have relieved their friends of an annoying, if petty tax, and their future home from being littered with worthless trumpery.—London Standard.

Dickens in Edinburgh.

The Scottish people on their part loved Dickens and in no place was he more heartily received, more warmly welcomed on all occasions than in Edinburgh, that "cold, gray city by the northern sea," wherein so many giants in literature, science, and art have lived and moved and had their being.—Dickensian.

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Some people never foot a bill without a kick.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

Good Management

Is the best asset a bank can have, in the management of this bank, the loaning of money in large amounts is never left to one man, but to a board of Directors that has been successful in handling their own affairs. This is a strong safe guard and prevents a great many losses that might occur in a one man bank. We solicit your business.

The Central National Bank

Buggies—Buggies—Buggies

Buggies at whole sale prices.
Hardware of all kinds.
Also Light harness.

See us before you buy.

THE THOMAS BUGGY CO.,

Fred Thomas Cleve Thomas
Opposite County Jail.

Agents make \$100 monthly

selling "LITTLE WONDER" ICE CREAM FREEZER.

No churning. No crank. No hard work. Makes perfect cream and frozen cream. Half gallon size \$1.00; Gallon size \$1.50. So cheap that every woman buys. Tremendous seller. Big profits. Not sold in store. Secure territory now. Drop us a card today. It's great—don't miss it. CHARLES A. DOE SUPPLY CO., 145 N. 10th Street, Phila., Pa.

WANT AD COLUMN.

VACUUM CLEANING—PHONE 555

FOR SALE—Second hand rubber tired Moyer Buggy with top and set of harness. See Dr. W. M. McGaughey.

FOR SALE—A few settings of standard bred, heavy winter laying white Wyandotte eggs. Schmidt and Fishel strains 75 cents per 15. Allen Tilden.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—New Ithaca shot gun, 20 gauge; never used and in perfect condition. See F. C. Tilden.

MONEY TO LOAN on horses, cattle etc. See the Home Loan and Real Estate Company.

LOST—On road between Rockville and Greencastle—a package wrapped in paper containing comb and brush a night shirt and blue window curtains—finder please return to this office for reward.

WANTED—Boards! 25 cents per meal for \$3.25 per week—to begin June 14.—Mrs. Nichols, 1002 South College Avenue.

WANTED—15 teams to haul dirt. A. & C. Stone Co., Greencastle, Ind.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND is patient, even with a nagging wife for he knows she needs help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, head ache, sleeplessness and dizzy spells she needs Electric Bitters—the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous headache and weak kidneys have used them and become healthy and happy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by the Owl Drug Store and the Red Cross Drug Store.

WHERE IS THE COURT HOUSE FLAG?

Monday morning when Janitor Fred Reising went to get the Courthouse flag to hoist it to the top of the flag staff the flag could not be found. A systematic search was made but the flag was not located. The courthouse janitor cannot understand where the flag is. Whether it has been stolen, borrowed and not returned or simply misplaced, is the question.

Another flag which was missing this morning was the flag on the Second Ward School Building. Several mentioned the fact that it was not on the flag pole but none could offer an explanation for its absence.

Virtually all of the stores closed at noon today to allow the employees a half holiday. Both daily newspapers issued their papers at noon and allowed their employees a half holiday. The banks were closed all day as were the barber shops.

OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN'S MIST.

By Elsie Becker.

There was an empty tin pan on the floor of the cabin. John Rainsback Alexander, M. A., was washing his dishes. Just then his big St. Bernard lifted his head in an attitude of listening. The scholar listened, too, his whole body poised in air. Someone was coming down the solitary mountain trail. Needless to say, visitors were welcome at the home of the young doctor. A visitor wouldn't be bad, "old fellow, eh?" as he patted the dog's great shoulders. "This is the kind of night we get lonesome."

The sound of footsteps hushed. "Shall we go look for 'em? This mist really is next thing to English." And they started out, John bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, which were rolled up about his strong arms.

The trail was a careless thing, like a whimsical, hoydenish girl frolicking through the timbered hills; sand had not far to go, from the ravines, but feet were not so fortunate as this trail. So it was sometime before the dog, bounding ahead, stopped under "the yellow tree," the delight of the secluded critics eye, and where he did a great deal of his work.

The joyful bark that soon followed made the Englishman hasten, wondering, in a moment he came upon them; the dog and a young woman naturally affectionate.

"Why, Juliet Hittel—where—how?" "Oh, John! Is that you? Why—where—how?"

"For heaven's sake, Juliet how long have you been out here? You are not alone?"

"No; I got lost, and—" Juliet was so nervous and unstrung she could scarcely get the words out, and in her relief clung to Alexander as if he understood without words—he always had. With a gesture of abandon he drew her to him; then, remembering, his arm dropped and his voice became cold.

"I forgot that a trip across the Atlantic is nothing to you—it was my first, you know. I live up here on the side of the mountain. Where did you get lost from him?"

"I didn't know he was gone, and then, all at once I found I was alone, and it was so beautiful where I stood that for a moment I forgot I was lost—"

Alexander clenched his hands. It seemed a long time before he and the dog, having taken Juliet to the cabin, got started on the hunt. He bellowed many times. At last he heard an answer 'way over beyond the cluster of pines. "Coming!" he shouted, between his hands.

When the dog barked a few rods ahead of him, the man who loved Juliet Hittel so well that he left England because he could not bear to see her wife of another, set his jaws firmly. What he wanted to say, at first sight of the traitor who had robbed him of Juliet by a trick, the explanation of which would have almost ruined her brother, was, "I want to kill you, but because of Juliet I won't—"

But a voice said, "Hello, Alex! by gad, is that you?"

And John Rainsback Alexander was actually hugged by a strapping young fellow, which left him so astounded he could say nothing in reply.

"Heard you were around here. Brought sis over on purpose. Lost her on purpose. Joke's on her."

"Charley Hittel, are you mad?"

"By gad, now, Alex M. A. you're a grateful cuss. Oh, Lord, is it possible, man, that you don't know Juliet didn't marry Ashburton? Heard of your baby foolishness. Gave him the finest drubbing ever. Nobody's seen him since."

John Rainsback Alexander, M. A., actually embraced the boy.

\$1.50 MONON ROUTE EXCURSION \$1.50

To Chicago, Ill.
Sunday, June 5th, 1910. Special train departs from Greencastle at 5:30 a. m. Fill your lunch baskets and join the crowd. A big trip for a little money and a holiday for all. d & w

A touch of rheumatism, or a twinge of neuralgia, whatever the trouble is, Chamberlain's Liniment drives away the pain at once and cures the complaint quickly. First application gives relief. Sold by all dealers.

ADVERTISE IT IN THE HERALD.

PERSONAL

Joe Allen is at the auto races today.

Dick Harlan was in Brazil yesterday.

William Job is at Indianapolis today.

Chas. Pitts was in Terre Haute yesterday.

Frank Thomas and Port Ledbetter are at Indianapolis.

George Christie and Harry Hays are at the motor races.

The banks and the barber shops were closed all day today.

The Rev. Father Griffin, of Indianapolis, was here today.

Raymond Springer of Indianapolis spent Sunday here.

John Keightley and little daughter are visiting in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lewis, of Brazil, spent Sunday in this city.

Mrs. Mattie Hays, of Terre Haute spent Sunday in Greencastle.

Mrs. Tyra Master and little daughter are visiting at Coatesville.

John Long, of Chicago, is here for a visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Alonzo Crawley and Mrs. Chas. Lewis spent the day in Plainfield.

Miss Lula Shieldmeyer was in Indianapolis yesterday for a visit with friends.

Andrew Hirt and Cecil Jenkins went to the auto races at Indianapolis today.

Many from Greencastle went to Indianapolis today to see the automobile races.

Parke Graham, of Indianapolis, is here for a visit with his brother R. S. Graham.

Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Zaring went to Indianapolis this morning for the motor races.

The Penelope Club will meet with Mrs. Wm. Grogan Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Henry Prevo, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sutherland, of Plainfield, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sutherland, in this city.

The Knights of Pythias will have work in the third degree this evening. A full attendance is desired.

The postoffice was closed today from ten o'clock to seven this evening. There was one city delivery.

John Riley went to Indianapolis this morning for Decoration Day. His oldest daughter, Mrs. Will Knight is buried there.

Dr. E. B. Evans has rented the little building just east of Dr. Joseph Gillespie's office, formerly occupied by the Miller Tin Shop, to the contractor who will build the postoffice building. The contractor will use the building as an office.

Mrs. Kenneth Peck was in Indianapolis yesterday to spend the day with her husband who is in the hospital there. Mr. Peck recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is getting along nicely and Mrs. Peck states that they hope to bring him home shortly.

The fire department was called to the home of J. O. Cammack on South Jackson Street Saturday afternoon but there proved to be no occasion for their run. Mr. Cammack had a gasoline explosion but succeeded in saving the day before the arrival of the department. The damage was very slight.

Bloomington World: Thomas Bayne is here from Pasadena, California, for a brief visit. He now has a sawmill in Oak Grove, Ia. Mr. Bayne says: "I want to pay a year's subscription to the Bloomington World. I began reading the paper when it was sent to another party, and like it so well I want to become a subscriber myself."

Mrs. K. P. Buskirk arrived at noon from Bloomington and her mother, Mrs. J. McD. Hays left for Coshocton, Ohio, where they will visit with Harry Hays and then go on to Howe, Ind., where Hays Buskirk will graduate from graduate from military school. From there they will go to Milwaukee to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hays.

Kyanize

Ignorance is not bliss to the man who does not know a good thing when he sees it. So don't throw your old furniture aside when you can make it look like new. Come in and let us tell you all about Kyanize.

Badger & Cook

WEST SIDE DRUGGISTS

C. C. Leachman went to Coatesville this morning.

Joe Kleinbub, of Indianapolis, was here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Saltmarsh, are visiting Mrs. Mary Hawkins.

Miss Ethel McCloud went to Indianapolis this morning for a visit with relatives.

Tom Darnall, after a brief visit with his wife and her parents, left this morning for his home at Pence, Ind.

A large sale of tickets to the Class Play at the Opera House this evening seats will be reserved for all purchasers.

Auto race visitors today were Andrew Stoner, Elmer and Edward Van Cleave, Clyde Harris, Walter Albough, Clifford Allen, Ed Coffman and Reese Matson.

The Term Recitals of the School of Music will be given on Monday Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at seven o'clock. The program tonight will be the children program.

Attorney Jackson Bayd states that more than two thirds of the creditors of Harry Goldberg have consented to a settlement on the basis of thirty cents on the dollar and that settlement will be made on those terms.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Cooper of Indianapolis, are here to spend Decoration Day.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Stevenson, of Indianapolis, were here yesterday.

Mrs. Edward Hanneman and Mrs. Hoagland, of Indianapolis, were here today the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Mikel. Mrs. Hanneman will remain here until next Wednesday.

Miss Mary Welsh, of Indianapolis, was here today visiting with friends and relatives.

Park Graham is here from Indianapolis.

Miss Lillie Ragan, of Indianapolis, was here yesterday the guest of Miss Ella Beckwith.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sugert, of Indianapolis, is here the guest of Miss Emma Jones.

Miss Helen Jones will arrive home next week from Baker University, Kansas, where she has been teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, of Kokomo, are here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen.

The Progress History Club will meet with Mrs. E. W. Connerly on East Washington Street Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The Greencastle Shark.

The Greencastle shark is well known as a foe to swimmers. It will follow a dead white to the ship and show no fear of the men while they are engaged in cutting up the prey, biting out lumps from it as big as a man's head. Sometimes it happens that a man will fall off the slippery side of the whale close by the shark, but the latter never attacks him, being intent upon gorging itself with the flesh of the cetacean. The most severe wounds from thrusts of the whalers' knives will not persuade it to desist. This species of shark is often partly or wholly blinded by a parasite worm three inches long which fastens itself at the corner of the eye and lives on its fluids.

John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is simply impossible and so was every one that has used it.

ARCHITECTS' MISTAKES

Queer Errors That Have Happened in House Building.

OWNER PAYS THE PRICE

An Amateur's Protest Shown in His Own Design—Stairs Too Steep to Climb Down and a Fireplace With a Wooden Beam in the Line of the Flames.

On one of the hills of Westchester, there is slowly rising a structure of mysterious and unusual ugliness. It is four stories high and is surmounted on one end by a square superstructure which looks like an enormous red brick packing box. Viewed from the front this building has all the graceful lines and picturesque beauty of a canal boat. Its lateral view looks like a section of a cigar factory on Avenue A, says the New York Sun. Its purpose is not in the least suggested by its appearance. It is a summer residence.

The owner of this house designed it himself. There could be no doubt of that after one view. A child might have designed it on a slate at school. Since its proportions are exactly of the kind that youthful scholars draw with a slate pencil and write under it "A House." It would clear up matters if the owner should point out one of its red brick walls "A House."

"I've got an architect," he said the other day. "Of course I have. I can't recall the number now for I never go near him."

"And let me tell you, young man," he added emphatically, "that is the only way to have an architect. Forget his number and don't go near him—at any rate until your house is built."

Such is the advice of the man who is prejudiced against the profession and has put up the left building on the hilltop as his everlasting protest against the architect. A reporter tried to find out what the architect might have done to lose favor.

"I'll tell you what an architect did to me," said a woman who must weigh 250 in spite of her shortness, "and you can understand why I should be prejudiced against them. I wanted my house built with a broad room on the second floor. They said I could have that although it might make it necessary to have the stairs a little steep, as there was only a certain space on which to build. I did not object to that and the men went to work on that understanding."

"I was too stout to go prowling around climbing up and down the ladders, but my daughter watched the progress of the house. She is slight and spry, and could of course go about any where without difficulty. The house was finished in fact before I went into it, having come back from Europe just the day after it was finally furnished."

"Why in the world are those stairs so steep?" I asked of my daughter.

"Oh, that's on account of the large drawing room," she said. "They're all right."

"Well, I got up them with difficulty. It was like walking up the side of a house. That was nothing, however, to the surprise I experienced when I started to come down. I stopped myself with horror and looked over the precipice they had built. With my size it would have been impossible to have got to the bottom. The steps looked like little shelves about two inches wide. I ran to the telephone and the architect had somebody there within an hour."

"You see how impossible it is," I said. "Nothing could induce me to take my life in my hands by trying to go down those steps. You will have to change them or realize that you have made me a prisoner for life on the second story. I would not try those steps for anything."

"He said it had been expressly understood that the stairs were to be narrow and steep for the sake of more room on the second floor. It never could have been understood about any stairs, however, that they were to be too steep for the woman who owned them to go up and down. The carpenters arrived the next day and began to change the angle. They worked for three weeks putting in the new stairs. Then I had to pay an extra \$500 for the changes that made it possible for me to use my stairway."

"That was not dangerous," said a man who heard the recital of this mistake, "but think of the peril that a man put me into. My house was finished and looked all right. We moved in late in the spring and everything went swimmingly until the autumn came. Then it was time to build a fire. There was a large open chimney place in the drawing room and we decided to try it. The first attempt brought a cloud of smoke which we could not account for, although it filled the room to suffocation."

"We found that the architects who built the house had left across the chimney at a distance of about six feet above the fireplace a thick wooden beam. Naturally as the heat of the fire ascended the beam began to ignite and smoke. The large fire that I intended to use in winter would probably have set fire to it within a short time after the big fire was lit. Well, you can imagine that I expressed my opinion freely to that architect."

Fine Bakery Goods

That's Our Specialty

When you are to have a spread or company of any kind and need some choice things from the Bakery, just call us up and we will be glad to supply you wants.

ZEIS & CO.

Phone 67. Grocers and Bakers.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.

Animals Upon Which It is Safest to Make Experiments.

It is a popular belief, more or less loosely formulated, that there is something so terrible and majestic in the human eye that man has only to fix his gaze on the most terrific denizens of the forest to inspire them with awe. Numerous instances, and some well authenticated, are on record of tamed men, who have met the lion or the tiger in his native jungles, fixed their eyes on his and compelled him to turn tail.

There is, then, some foundation for the popular belief, but if a man having unquestioned faith in the awe inspiring power of the human eye proposes to put it to the test in his own person, considerable discretion is to be recommended, says Forest and Stream, not only in the selection of his beast, but also in the selection of his locality. For example, he should not make his first experiment with a rampaging bull in a ten-acre inclosure at any considerable distance from the fence; nor would we strongly recommend a trip to the Rocky Mountains, with the object of experimenting with a full grown grizzly, for both bulls and bears are fighting animals, and have the habit of meeting their foes face to face.

The measure is successful only with the cat family—lions, tigers, etc., and by no means relied upon with the hope of success depends upon the fact that the members of the cat family are not to any extent fighting animals; they do not hunt in packs and quarrel over their prey; they very rarely quarrel with each other over the females at mating season, and in striking their prey they never attack in front.

It is a beautiful provision of nature that the lion, the tiger, the panther, the leopards and the whole family of Felidae, are prompted by irresistible instinct to seize their prey from behind, springing on it with their whole weight, closing their powerful jaws on the neck of their victim, and disorienting it with one wrench, while their fierce claws penetrate the flesh and paralyze the muscular powers. The tiger pursues the same method, whether his prey is a full grown buffalo or a timid fawn.

The slender doe, with her fawn at her heels, goes into cover for her midday siesta, and confronts the lurking tiger; she barks, stamps her foot and endeavors to bounce him; the tiger fixing his eyes on hers, crawls a little nearer; paralyzed with terror the poor beast is incapable of flight, but unable to sustain the basins glance any longer, she turns, as if to essay retreat. At that instant the tiger springs, grasps her neck in his viselike jaws, and the victim dies without a pang.

If the tiger comes unexpectedly on a powerful animal like a wild buffalo and it offers battle, the tiger declines it, but if hungry he will take advantage of what cover there is and manoeuvre to get at the tail end of the buffalo and then make his fatal spring.

With civilized men the tiger is more wary, for he stands in more awe of their appliances than of the brute strength of the buffalo. Many a hunter going through the jungles has passed within an easy range of the tiger lying in wait for him, and before he has gone another 200 yards the same tiger has again been in position, and yet has wanted the courage to spring; even a man-eating tiger, if familiar with firearms, might hesitate to spring on a man that had the courage to confront him.

In the jungle he would not attempt it; if brought face to face with a man he would crouch, and if the man did not turn to flee the tiger would disappear as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him, but in a very few minutes he would have secured the desired vantage ground and made his fatal spring.

"This is not because the tiger is a coward, nor because the human eye is capable of dominating him. When it becomes a question of fighting there is no sign of quailing in lion or tiger, but when it is a mere question of taking their prey the destructive instinct is a purely pleasurable one, the enjoyment of which would be marred if they attacked in front, and provoked their prey to battle; and it is a merciful provision of nature that they show no such tendency."

The splendid work of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets is daily coming to light. No such grand remedy for liver and bowel troubles was ever known before. Thousands bless them for curing constipation, sick headaches, biliousness, jaundice and indigestion. Sold by all dealers.

WITH THE FUNNY MAN

A KEEN LAD.

"I had always heard that New Englanders were 'smart,'" a young physician who has "graduated" from a village practice remarked the other day, "but I hardly thought it developed at such an early age."

He smiled reminiscently, then continued:

"Just after I settled in Dobbs Corners a 12-year-old boy called on me one evening.

"'Say, Doc. I guess I got measles,' he remarked, 'but nobody knows it except the folks at home, an' they ain't the kind that talks, if there's any good reason to keep quiet.'"

"I was puzzled, and I suppose I looked it.

"'Aw, get wise, Doc,' my small visitor suggested. 'What will you give me to go to school an' spread it among all the kids in the village?'"

—Lippincott's.

POETIC JUSTICE.

"No," remarks the editor, with a mocking smile, "I cannot use your verses. You will pardon me for saying that they utterly lack sense, rhythm, meter, idea, form, construction and everything else that should be in a poem."

With a proud though puffed heart the poet strode from the magazine office, took his verses to a popular song publisher, had them printed, and within six months, a millionaire came back, bought the magazine and fired the editor.—Chicago Post.

AS BAD AS ALL THAT.

The Doctor—Nonsense! You have not got a cancer. Boogie is what ails you. You must stop drinking at once.

The Souze—Geel! Is it that serious? Why, Doc, I thought it was some simple thing that could be helped by an operation.—Cleveland Leader.

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN

"I see you are cultivating a garden."

"Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots.

"I suppose you derive both pleasure and profit from it?"

"Not exactly. But it leaves me more contented. It makes the cost of vegetables in the market seem small by comparison."—Washington Star.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Guide—After this point there's no vegetation, five hundred metres higher, no beer, and after another five hundred, no postcards.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

THE EXPLANATION.

"Doctor," said the patient, who had been ailing for a long time, "be frank with me. Why do you demand such a large fee for cutting out my appendix?"

"Well, the truth is," explained the frank M. D., "when I remove that appendix I cut off my chief source of revenue."—The Edits.

NOTHER POSSIBLE EXPLANATION

Maybe those sun spots also account for Teddy's silence during this Cook-Peary business.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

PULLING HAIRS.

Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgewick Paragon has no hair at all.

"Baw," asked Junkin, "how did you lose your hair?"

"It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher.—Everybody's Magazine.

IN AUTUMN.

"What are you doing to your evening clothes?"

"Preparing them for the ball."

"Didn't know you danced."

"I don't. It's the moth ball I'm talking about."—Cleveland Leader.

SUITED HIM EXACTLY.

The Boss—I'd like to give you employment, young man, but there is no work to do.

Apprentice—That's just the kind of a job I'd like, sir, if the salary were satisfactory.—Cleveland Leader.

IDLE THOUGHTS.

It shows no smoothness to get a reputation for being slick.

Things come pretty easy for the man of a poker story.

The first social function arranged is for the neighbors gather to watch the move in.

A genie is a fabulous attendant who has no stipulations to make as to his off.

A woman with plenty of washing to do soon marries a business manager.—The Solomn Man.

MONEY TO LOAN on horses, cattle etc. See the Home Loan and Real Estate Company.